



NEW LIBRARY 1

VIDEO DRIVE-IN!

#10



PRIME CANDIDATES
FOR MURDER

Three On A Meathook

Saturday: Noon...in a foul mood. Remember **THREE ON A MEATHOOK**? got ORDINARY PEOPLE. Didn't watch it.

At the store - glasses to the left. 3 girls. 2 Vances and a Madonna. Your conversation:

#1. ooooo!

#2. uuuuok!

#3. grrrrrr!

What's the catch, I wonder. The cover to **THREE ON A MEATHOOK**? Yeah. Sick. The greatest video cover art yet conceived.

THREE ON A MEATHOOK (1975)

Producers:

JOHN ASMAN and LEE JONES

Director:

WILLIAM GIBSON

Cast:

CHARLES KISSINGER

JAMES PICKETT

(on Regal Video)

As for the movie?

4 guys, on a weekend vacation in America's omnipresent psycho-dangerous backcountry, covert made in a bay (aka **TOURIST TRAP**, directed by idea-infringer Chuck Band) until they find out their car can't start.

Fortunately, for the moment, Billy Townsend wears up in his pick up truck and offers: "You could stay with me and Pa.....How did a low time ago."

Later, at the house, Pa serves the hungry guys some of "his meat, then screams at Bill, "I ain't havin no trash in your Pa's house....you know what happens to you when you get around women!!!"

Score enough, two of the moments get photographed and the third decapitated; graphic gore supplied by low budget wisafs, J.D. "Pet" Patterson.

No date off the nineteenth unauthorized celluloid version of ultra-psycho Ed GEIN's Wisconsin life.

Being a neenter in the CHERRY state is tough, but Ed ends the most of it. In THREE ON A WHEELHOOD, the Gein palace is portrayed as a quite charming colonial farmhouse. Sochner (from reading and recording stories of the his ravenous cannibalism in my Gein's basement-the lived near the Wisconsin state I picture Ed's state as a splintery live-in.

wearing with baroque spiders. Inside, skull soup bowls held filled with greened tomatoes (sugar bitter the taste. In the frying pan, on the stove, live one spider kidney. Far in the corner, past the human lips (cut into a window shade pull-card) sits skeleton this Ed, all away in his flash-palace.

But in WHEELHOOD, Ed's portrayed by jump Charles Kinsinger (Dr. Specter in Gilder's ANIMAL OF DARK) as an overbearing, religious type. It's as if Ed haunts Billy through dad. "You can't be among women," says pop-corn.

The movie ends to a sleep-see halt as Billy picks up a waitress and falls in love. Faded with the requisite "lovers alone in the sunset park" trope, my episode seemingly gained 7 pounds.

Things remain ho-hum until the finale, where Sheron opens the smokehouse door and sees the title subjects.

Cloning with a closet toilet end a MUTED ending, THREE ON A WHEELHOOD only scratches the surface of Ed's depraved legend.

For a \$0.75 rental fee, it can't be beat.

are you offended?

SOME ARE... SOME AREN'T... BUT WE LAY IT ALL OUT FOR YOUR EXAMINATION

TULL COLOR

ADULTS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS FOR A CHAINSAW MASSACRE!



PIECES

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!

Sheer cinematic ineptitude. The no doubt winner of the 50's has to be **PIAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE**. Not "cause it's the worst, but because it's the funniest. What with classified aliens, cardboard headstamps, stoned garage coach speeches and for Johnson vocals, it's as if the film's audience was exposed to a disordered dream.

It didn't take long into the 60's to realize that **BLACK FRANT** had no peer. Garish colors, lots of eyeball close-ups, and wildly melodramatic performances team with innovative gunking gore.



accompanied by bigare horn and organ music (surely the product of a damaged brain), its a genuine first in a lifetime treat.

The 70's started strong with I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, THE HEADLESS MEN, and INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS, but it took until 1978 for that intangible mixture of cinematic senselessness to surface.Kearly Indiana cackling in outcropes.....parasitic Injans spewing from mortal women's backs..... Tony Curtis seeing the future in a dime tag..... its THE MANITOU!

But this is the 80's, and, if man's best friend is a dog, then filmmaker's best friend is a chainsaw.....and we all know, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS FOR A CHAINSAW MANIAWIRE!

FINCES

Producers:
STEVE MINABIAN and DICK RANDALL

Director:
JUAN PIZCOP SIMON

Screenplay
DICK RANDALL and JOHN SHADOW

Cost
CHRISTOPHER GEORGE

LINDA DAT
EDMUND PINSON
PAUL SMITH

Warm scenes of nostalgia run through my head as the film opens with little Eddy intent on placing



together a Barbie Benton puzzle. Suddenly, the scratchy wall fades as Ma catches puberty bound Ed fondling a lithographed left nipple!

(series-dressing music becomes dominant) Mom rants: "Where did this filth come from?.....Answer me, answer me!.....You dirty minded little brat.....playing with filth like this.....just like your father!.....You better watch out, that's who you're gonna grow up like.....(slap slap slap).....and I can tell you a couple of things about him you bastard.....(livid, she smashes a picture of dad into the mirror)I'll kill you if I ever find stuff like that in the house again!.....(pauze).....go get a plastic bag.

Pretty scary huh? Getting caught by mom with the goods. But I'm more amazed by the fact that this 1982 Boston suburban household is equipped with plastic trash bags, push button telephones and Playboy puzzles.



GESTAPO GROPING, AND SHEER SS TORTURE!

How do officers... get their
drug money? Do they play
the stock market? Is it
in USA's? No...
the wall STREET JOURNAL
while dabbling in war's
future? It's a question
I've long got... Well
I see

HITLER'S HARLOTS
Producer:
AND MONROE
Director:
MY GIL
Cast:
KATH BARON
JOHN TAYLOR
PATRICK HARRISON

First noticeable, the cast is this extremely creepy
early evening harlots scene. First seen not certain
the blood heavily shows below. Instead spools are
revolved by a four of the ugliest drag out black
women in existence. Gross and repellant, crude
homosexual slaps reveal numerous director
coverage (action, scene and notes).

Notable, two Nazi command force representing
seen on four Jews. With little dialogue, HITLER'S
HARLOTS attains a certain likeness only through the
cheapness. Confined to a barren room furnished only
with a wooden table and a small backdrop the prisoners
are brought in one by one until the audience with an all
out war scene.

Visions of "Gestapo SS torture" go underway as the
stage participants continuously look the director's way
for instruction scenes.

The only interesting aspect, a greeting to minute
background-microphone scene, negates itself as the
apparently dead audience scene over the end.

Start silently with one camera and a floodlight. RE
in a crowded room.
It is the really managed, don't worry, HITLER'S
Harlots only sounds offensive.



HITLER'S HARLOTS



open up TRACY

A star shined on little Norma. Way, even before she stepped on the stage -- as a duck -- in the Steubenville kindergarten play, she knew she was destined for fame.

On a dare, in 1984, she made her break. Sweet 16, and fake driver's license in hand, all thoughts turned to LA, bright lights and glory.

With homecoming emerging, vivacious Norma's timing couldn't have been better.

It wasn't surprising then, when two months later, the port Ma. Ruana fulfilled her dream of stardom.

For secret?

Not only was she cute, amazingly well-built, and vivacious, she swallowed anything. Her stage name? TRACY LORDS.

My first taste of Tracy, so to speak, was a few years back when a local video dealer, with alabaster in his mustache, shoved a bright blue cassette box under my nose, then screamed (loud enough for the kids in the children's section to hear). "TA GOTTA GET THIS BECAUSE THERE'S NO DIALOGUE.....JUST NON-STOP SEX!!!!!!!!!!!" Flipping the box

over and seeing a room full of seductresses wearing 25 cent vampire teeth, I knew I had to rent, **LOST IN THE PAST LAND.**

Nothing much to remember about **LOST**, except that the clerk was right. 95 minutes of shot-on-video Bomber Sex. Vapid visions of Tracy recall only an exaggerated chest, a salivating mouth, and an overly made-up face.

The 1/4 of a page script culminates, scintillatingly, with a Twilight Zoneish, inexplicable scene of sticky, wet, nude women wearing the kind of vampire teeth one gets out of a gumball machine.

Vowing never to rent a shot-on-video production again (this was my second sample, the first being the Godawful **BOARDING HOUSE**, shot in **HOMER VISION**) months passed, as

Traci (sometimes credited as Tracy) blossomed into porn's hottest star. Titles include: OPEN UP TRACI...PORTRAIT OF LUST...SWART THING...SWEAKS IT...SEX FILM AVENUE...BLACK THROAT and PASSION PIT.

Becoming cocky, the brash actress, fully realizing the monetary value of a provocative tongue, started THE TRACI WORDS COMPANY, and began distributing 1 1/2 buttons sporting the phrase. I want T&C.

But what separates this bi-actress from the hordes of other equally beautiful video tramps??? Why should this party dancer of eroticistic passion be singled out as VIDEO DRIVE-IN's most influential femme fatale???

Simple. Looking for a wig of legitimacy after publishing some of the best reading material in years, THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON PORNOGRAPHY's Ed Meese needed proof for his predetermined accusations of SEX IS THE MEDIA - CORRUPTION OF MORALS - VIOLENT SEX IS THE STREETS.

It's no shock then, when Gays Later, July 15, 1986 in fact, headlines across the world screamed.....HOT PORN STAR IS THEN....UNTHAWED PORN STAR SHOCKS THE WORLD....THEN PORN STAR WON'T BE CHANGED...GOLD PORN STAR'S FILMS BANNED.



By 16 she had been a Penthouse Pet; by 16 1/2, she starred in 40 some wall to wall sex flicks. By 17 she had made it with all the biggies: Holmes, Jersey, Gillis, Thomas and Lewis. At 18, all films got banned; classified as taboo. Child porn.

Just think of it....75 features, and all of them banned....a record unequalled in all of exploitative history.

As for today, the poor Miss Kusa sits alone, all assets confiscated, her company on the brink; broke whores looking for retribution...Bongiacie Harrison Knapp sits in a Marine del Ray jail cell for trying to sell 18 Traci flicks to an undercover cop...Video retailers everywhere can't wait to close up shop, so they can view, in the back room, illicit films only they can watch.

Her star faded; it's the stuff legends are made of.



created by Rod Sims, contributing writer for The Splatter Times, Macabre Times, and Fear of Darkness-Send \$10 for eight issues or \$2 for intro issue to THE GOREFEST, 3 Rod Sims, 10026 Hawkins Ct., Indianapolis, IN 46229.

Charter calls Tony Curtis in THE MARION. Also slated are MURDER MARION, SCREAM OF THE DEMON LOVER and T. Sessy in MURDER RISES FROM THE TOMB.

Is it possible for Magnus to top the first? We'll see with THE BRICK BOY II.

You thought that was a movie? Well APRIL FOOL'S DAY: From Paramount. World Vision witnesses ATTACK OF THE BEAST CREATURES!!!!!!

Boy extends an invitation to KILL. Earl leads the BLOODUCKERS FROM OTHER SPACE.

Media bows to the THRONE OF BLOOD. Blood opens in October with the release of DEMONS, from New World. ThrillerVideo reverts to its mode for TV mode with NIGHT SPALKER and THE INVASION OF CAROL BONES.

Republic triples with DAY OF THE MARIAC, the Al Adamson classic, video dubbed, I SPIT ON YOUR CORPSE (real title GIRLS FOR NERT) and Paul Snatchy again, in, NIGHT OF THE HOWLING BEAST.

Sybil Danning and John Carridine topless Fred Glen Ray's THE TOMB, from Transworld.

The cutting edge of medical terror emerges from Vidmark's SPARE PARTS. From the director of CHAINED HEAT, comes THE BAKED CAGE.

"A bloody nightmare of unrelenting carnage," describes NATAS, THE REFLECTION, from ThrillerVideo. And finally, Prince attends the HONOR OF PARTY BEACH.

BILLY THE KID
TOMMY



LAST REMAINS OF
THE MOUNTAIN



THE HANGING WOMAN



New Video

Excess co-stars BILLY THE KID VS DRACULA with JERRY JAMES MERTS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER.

Seasonal releases from Vestron include: MURDEROUS BLOOD... "A killer show with everything you wouldn't expect to see," Paul Snatchy's THE CRAVING, and GHOST STORIES.

Prize sharpens the knife with AUTOPSY and TORSO, both best known as mid-convention drive-in filler. The former for HANED, the latter for TEXAS CHAINSAW.

New World discovers the MOUNTAIN TOP HOTEL MURDERERS. Academy plans to PLAT DEAD.



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